

Four of the choicest New Songs, as they are sung at Court;
Written by a person of Quality, named *E. G.* 7

A Song.

Young *John* the Gardner having lately got
A very rich Garden plot,
Bragging to *Jane*, quoth he, so rich a ground
For millions cannot in the World be found,
For 'tis a good ground:
That's a damn'd lye, quoth *Jane*,
For I can tell a place that does your Garden far
In the midst there stands a Well, (excel,
Where's that, says *John*, between my Legs, says
For there's a Plant well set, which flourish'd all
(the year,
And ne're will decay, thou needst not to fear;
For if it drops I such an art have got,
To raise it, that my fertile Garden-plot
Will then restore it self as at first,
In better ground no plant was ever thrust.
Say so, says *John*, then open thy gay green Gate,
I have a choice plant to set without fate.
Prethee *John* be quiet, and let my Garden go free,
For I can have better Plants than any thou canst
(give me.
Nay, nay, my *Jane*, you must not now dispute,
Let me but graft, and you shall have the fruit.

Another Excellent New Song.

Thou art fair and cruel too,
I am a Maid what shall I do;
To purchase my desire,
Sometimes thine eyes do me invite,
But when I venture kill me quite,
Yet still in thee's the fire,
Oft have I thought my Love to quell,
And try its furies to repel,
Since I no hope can find,
But when I think of having thee,
My heart as much does torture me,
As 'twould rejoice, if kind.
Thus have I lov'd, though hardly us'd,
And when I proffer am refus'd.
And I'll suffer more, by coy, be cruel, come do thy
Though for thy sake I am accurst, (worit
Yet ne'retheless ile love thee more,
Whom I must and will adore.

A New Love Song.

The night her blackest Sables wore,
All gloomy were the Skies,
And glittering Stars there were more
Than those in *Celia's* Eyes,
When at her Fathers Gate I knockt,
Where I had often been,
And shrowded only in her Smock,
The fair one let me in.



Fast lock'd within my close embrace
She trembling lay,
Asham'd her swelling Brest,
And gave me way;
She's fair and pretty I have said,
My eager passion I obey'd,
Resolv'd the Fort to win,
And her fond heart was soon betray'd
To yield and let me in.
None but the envying Gods Conquest,
Or Lovers blest,
As I to what degrees of happiness,
We rais'd our equal joy,
The mistress of love ran o're,
We did anew begin,
And she blest that day
That e're she let me in.

But long the feasted thefts of Love
VVe could not thus conceal,
The lovely maid does pregnant prove,
VWhich must our joys reveal,
She wept and sigh'd,
Yet still if 'twere to do again,
She would not curse the fatal hour
That e're she let me in.
But who could see her charming tears,
Her sorrows without art,
Her long-wish'd fate with fears,
And not resign his heart;
VVe marry'd and conceal'd the Crime,
So all was well again,
And now she thanks the blessed hour,
That e're she let me in.

Another New Love Song.

SEE what a Conquest love has made,
Beneath the Myrtles am'rous shade,
The charming fair *Corinna* lyes,
All melting in desire,
Quenching in tears those flaming Eyes,
That set the world on fire,
VWith fervent hot desire.
VWhat cannot Tears and Beauty do,
The youth by chance stood by and knew,
For whom those Crystal eyes did flow,
And though he ne're before
To her Eyes brightest rage did bow,
VVeeps too, and does adore.
So when the Heavens do shine clear,
Guilded with gaudy light appear,
Each craggy Rock, and every stone,
Their native rigour keep,
But when in Rain the Clouds fall down,
The hardest Marbles weep.

L O N D O N, Printed, and are to be Sold by *A. Chamberlain*, in *Red-Bell-Play-house*
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